

1912

# The Norm, 1912-11

Oregon Normal School

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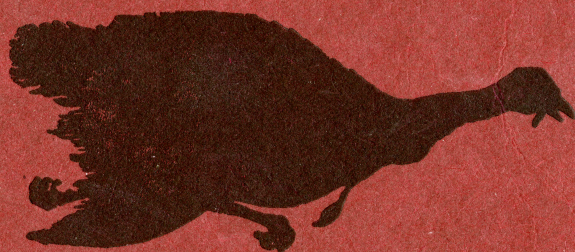
V. 2, no. 1

Nov. 1912

OREGON STATE NORMAL SCHOOL  
ASTORIA, OREGON

# The Norm

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November

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MONMOUTH, - OREGON



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WETHERBEE & JONES

Independence, Ore.

The Store that Saves You Money



# The Norm

VOL. 2

THANKSGIVING NUMBER

No. 1

## Margaret's Thanksgiving

(By JEAN SHARMAN.)

**P**EGGY! Peggy Ames!" The clear call came from the staircase of the boarding-house where Margaret Ames lived. Margaret's face brightened. She crossed the room to open the door. "Up here, Ruth." The girl who entered was near her own age, but so sparkling and vivid and almost childishly eager as to appear much younger. She seated herself and glanced disparagingly about the plain little room. "What a gloomy place, Peggy. Doesn't it give you the blues to gaze at that wall-paper?"

"I needn't look at it while you're here," answered Margaret, smiling into Ruth's sparkling face. "But how is it that you're in Vernon at this hour?"

"Came in the machine to get you. All of the old bunch are coming tomorrow for Thanksgiving—Nan, Frances, Charlotte—all of them, and of course we must have you. Don't say no, Margaret. I shan't forgive you if you do. Think of seeing all the girls again!"

"But, Ruth, I go home to Greenfield tomorrow. Mother and Father have been counting the days till Thanksgiving, and I'm longing to see them."

"Margaret Ames! You can go home at Christmas and stay two weeks. Your family isn't going to scatter to the four quarters of the globe at once, I hope! And you know Nan's missionary is ordered to China, and she's going with him; and Charlotte sails for Germany in two weeks; and Frances is going back to California on the second. This is the last time in years and years that the 'clan' will gather. Peggy, you'll simply have to write home that you're not coming. Oh, don't refuse me! Promise that you'll come."



"I can't decide now, Ruth. You know how I'd love to see the girls."

Ruth dashed across the room to bestow a kiss on her friend. "If you don't come, the girls will all feel that the last gathering is a failure. Now I must run. Sandy is probably near to a nervous collapse. He hates to drive after dark."

When she was alone, Margaret's face took on a look of settled gravity which was becoming habitual. The color which had risen in her smooth cheeks at Ruth's excited words faded slowly. She walked to the window, and drawing aside the curtain, rested her forehead against the cool glass. A picture of Ruth's beautiful home as it would be the next day, with the dear girls forming part of a hilarious group, came into her mind. Then she saw her own home, small, commonplace, the unpainted building and brown fields. A flicker of rebellion crossed her quiet face. "Must all my life be equally uninteresting? Those four years at school showed me the unattractiveness of a small farm and a humdrum existence. Yet mother and father need me. I should stay with them now. If John were coming back—" here her thought stopped with a shock of pain.

The next morning was one of cool, delicate blue sky and faintly golden sunshine. As the train drew near her station, Margaret gazed at the familiar landscape with a sudden quickening of her heart. Presently she and her father were driving along a peaceful country road, with the sun gilding the brown fences and stubble fields. As he answered her questions, Margaret saw that her father's face began to look young and eager again, and her vision of the "clan" at Ruth's home grew dimmer.

When they reached home, Margaret sprang hastily out and ran to the house. Her mother hurried to meet her, and Margaret saw that her eyes were full of tears. "Are you so sorry I've come, Mother?" she asked, with a little laugh that was nearly a sob.

As Margaret warmed her hands in the spicy-smelling kitchen, her mother suggested that they go upstairs. "I've lit a fire in your room," she said tenderly. "We hoped our girl would come home."

The simple room was exquisitely cared for, and Margaret, contrasting it with her room in the city boarding-house, realized that home meant more than she had recently thought.



While Margaret changed her traveling suit for a little white wool frock, her mother moved about the room uneasily, picking up and setting down small articles. At last she turned to face the girl. "Margaret, did you know John Mackay was home?" she asked.

Margaret flushed crimson, but her voice was steady as she replied: "From Germany? I thought he wasn't coming back."

"I guess you knew better," suggested her mother. "He's going to practice right here in Greenfield. His father says John thinks the best he knows isn't too good for Greenfield. John's coming here for dinner, Peggy. You won't mind?"

"No, Mother," said Margaret quietly. Upon receiving the girl's answer, Mrs. Ames hastened down to baste the turkey.

Margaret looked from the west window toward the hills. So John had meant all the ardent phrases in that last letter. Her brain whirled. He was not merely playing with the comrade of his boyhood. His splendid plan for a hospital would take visible shape in the hills toward which she looked. Her eyes filled with joyful tears. At that moment the garden gate opened and John himself came toward the house. Margaret brushed away her tears, and went slowly down to meet him.

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#### HE ALWAYS WAS OPTIMISTIC.

Mrs. E.: "What do you think I got for you at the sale today, Sam, dear?"

Mr. E.: "I am sure, lovey, I could not tell."

Mrs. E.: "I got you a dozen collars for 30 cents."

Mr. E.: "Good for you, Louise! Did you get my size?"

Mrs. E.: "I am not sure, Sammie; they are 13's."

Mr. E.: "By Jove! Louise, I wear a 17."

Mrs. E. begins to shed tears.

Mr. E.: "Never mind, dearest. They may come in handy some day."



## Why Envious?

(By IZA CONSTABLE.)

**M**ADGE FAIRBANKS sat with her book in her hand looking out of the window. She had been in college over a month now and had not yet begun to feel at home. When she thought of her simple home on the next day, she was more homesick than ever, for it would be her first Thanksgiving away from her dear ones. Although strict economy was necessarily practiced in her home, love and kindness made up for the lack of money and the ones left would miss Madge almost as much as she would them.

As she sat rebelling at the thought of being kept from home for economy's sake, a bright attractive girl, considerable older than herself, passed the window with a smile and a nod. "There is Belle Martin going home. Of all the girls in school, I think she comes the nearest having everything she wants. And how everyone loves her; students, faculty and janitor. Why couldn't I have a few of the things she has? I know it is wicked to envy anyone and I could be thankful, I presume, if I would, but I'm afraid I don't care to be. Here I am, wanting to go home so badly. I have no special friends, and nothing to do except wash the inevitable dishes three times a day and help with the other work to pay for my board."

Just then a knock interrupted this dismal line of thought, and when Madge opened the door she found an old friend of her mother waiting outside.

"I can't come in, dear. We are in our car and I want you to come home with me tonight. Mrs. Brown says you may go, as so many of the girls have gone home there will be very little work here. You know it is only fifteen miles to Sherwood and we'll bring you back Sunday afternoon. You mustn't say no."

"Indeed, I'll not say no, for I'll be only too glad to go with you, Mrs. Glendale. I'll have something to be thankful for after all."

That evening, Madge turned to her hostess and asked: "Doesn't Belle Martin live in Sherwood? It seems to me that she told me she did."



"Yes. I had intended asking whether you knew her or not. I know if you know her you must love her. Everyone does."

"I like her very much. She is very pleasant, with a word and a smile for everyone, and has been very kind to me. I was envying her when you came for me. Of all the people I know, she seems to come nearer having everything she wants to make her happy than anyone. Things are very unevenly divided in this world; do you not think so?"

"I can see how you think Belle a girl to be envied, but have you never discovered, dear, that the happiest people in this old world of ours usually have pretty heavy burdens to carry? I have known Belle all her life. Shall I tell you a little of her story?"

"Please."

"As a child she had a brother and sister younger than herself, and she took a great deal of responsibility. Her day at school was the only time she was free from the care of these children and as they grew older she took more and more responsibility, for her mother turned to her for advice on every hand. She is one to feel responsibility keenly and this meant a great deal to her. Belle loves a happy, harmonious home, but it was never her lot to have one, for her father and mother are not suited to each other at all and many times she has come from school to find her mother in tears, waiting to pour her troubles and bitterness into Belle's ear. This has been harder on Belle than anyone knew, for hers is a very sensitive nature and things of this sort affect her deeply; the more so, as she idolizes her mother. Her friends mean a great deal to her, but when one, whom she had put every trust in, proved unworthy, she never lost her faith for a moment but helped this friend in every way and went on with a smile. For five years she gave up school, which means so much to her, because of her mother's ill health and her father's failure to provide funds. She and her mother kept boarders in order to keep the younger children in school. She was engaged to a young man for a time, but found she must break the engagement. Although she felt this very keenly, instead of mourning for a year or two as some girls do, she shut herself in her room for half a day and came out with a smile. Those of us who know her well have seen the tears standing in her eyes and her lips tremble, but there has always been the smile. Even now when she comes home there is dread



mixed with pleasure, for she cannot bear the unhappiness. You think she has pretty clothes, and so she has, but she works very hard over the cast-offs sent by an aunt in order to get them—harder than she would if she didn't know her mother takes such pleasure in seeing her well dressed. The only thing you need envy Belle for, Madge, is her love and kindness and unexcelled knowledge of what friendship means."

Madge sat silent for some time and finally said: "Thank you, for showing me what Thanksgiving Day must mean to me—more than ever before."

#### ONLY A NORMAL GIRL.

Only a Normal girl—  
That's all you are.  
Bounce all your fellows  
And stop grieving sore.  
Here boys are few and far between,  
Don't let them enter in your dream,  
Just brush off that funny feeling 'round your heart,  
Let every thought of them depart.  
When September comes around,  
Let the boys fall to the ground—  
For you're only a Normal girl.

Only a Normal boy—  
Why can't you make a show?  
You're mighty slow.  
You're surely old enough to know  
That Normal girls all like to go;  
So brush up your Sunday suits and wear them every day  
You'll find in the end, 'twill always pay.  
If this doesn't appeal to you,  
It will show you are not true  
To a one of the Normal girls.



# The Thanksgiving Asters

(By GRACE HENDERSON.)

**R**UBIE SMITHERS walked dispiritedly home after class. It was just three days before Thanksgiving, and the other girls at school had been talking over plans for holiday, which made her sense of loneliness very great. The short time allowed would not permit her to go home, neither had she received any invitation out for the day, and she knew of nothing to do but sit in her room and study. But when she reached her room, she found a letter from her old friend, Evelyn Flemming, awaiting her, and expectantly she tore open the missive and read as follows: "Dear Rubie:—The Doctor says I can get home from the hospital for Thanksgiving and I do want you to come to Brownsville to spend the day with me. Cousin Fred will meet you at the train . . . "

Rubie danced around the room in high glee. "Go! Of course I'll go, and won't we have a glorious time! But who in the world is Cousin Fred, and how are we to know each other?" In her excitement she nearly upset a vase of purple asters. "Capital!" she exclaimed. "I'll take Evelyn a bouquet of these purple asters and in that way her dear coz can identify me as 'The Lady of the Purple Asters.' It will be truly romantic. He'll come to meet me and we'll hie away to the 'Banquet Hall' just as in a real fairy story."

Thanksgiving morning all was excitement at a certain girls' club house in Brownsville. A banquet was to be given there that evening and great preparations were on foot. The committees had assembled early to get the work arranged in good season. "Dear me!" exclaimed one, "I do wish we had our flowers for we need them dreadfully. The train must be late."

"What is the color scheme?" asked another.

"Purple asters and white crepe paper. I have telegraphed out to that German family that has such beautiful asters, for a supply, and they have promised to send a girl with them to help us; so I persuaded my brother to take the car down and meet her at this morning's train."



This same morning found Rubie with her arms full of asters on her way to Brownsville. "Dear old Evelyn," she thought, won't her eyes stand out when she sees these? Cousin Fred ought to know me a mile off." Of course she did not know that Fred should miss the train, so she did not take it amiss when, on alighting from the train, a business-like young man approached her and told her he had been sent to meet her. Neither did she know that a very stout, freckled-faced German girl who was laboriously trying to pilot a large laundry basket full of purple asters down the aisle of another coach and that after much crowding and pushing, had descended to the platform just as the train was ready to resume its journey. As it was, she sat primly in the back seat of the car behind a very unsociable "Cousin Fred," whom she decided was a perfect bore and sincerely hoped he did not make his abode at Evelyn's home.

What was more, this peculiar young man would not even allow her a royal welcome as became a "Lady of Purple Asters," but drove his car to the rear entrance of a spacious residence. There, he told her just to go in the back door, as they were perhaps waiting for her, and without more adieu drove away and left her standing alone with her asters on the doorstep. With a vague sense of disappointment, she opened the door and ventured in. She had scarcely closed it when in rushed a strange girl exclaiming, "Well, here you are at last. Hurry and take off your wraps, for we need you dreadfully. Then you may take this broom and sweep and dust the reception rooms."

Rubie gasped and tried to ask for Evelyn, but before she could recover her senses enough to speak the girl was gone. Another rushed in and seized her flowers, exclaiming, "Oh, here are the asters! but you didn't bring half enough!" And then Rubie was alone, but within reach of a babel of girlish voices in a distant part of the house. She collapsed into a chair. "Am I dreaming?" she thought. "Is it possible I misunderstood and that Evelyn hired me for a scrub-woman? I could never have believed it of her. It is an outrage and I shall return immediately if I have to walk every step of the way."

No sooner had she reached this conclusion than she heard voices coming nearer, and, burning with humiliation and disap-



pointment she arose and crept stealthily out of the door through which she had entered.

"Just my luck," panted Fred, as he rolled his car into the depot. "Blasted tire had to blow up at the wrong time. Evelyn will sure be sore when she finds I've missed the train and if the "Aster Lady," or whatever her name is, is at all peppery, I'll never make up for it in a month of Sundays. Great Jehosephat!" he exclaimed to himself, when he beheld the desolate German girl with her basket of asters. "Why didn't Evelyn tell me I was going after this and I would have brought a truck. I hope she didn't depopulate the whole flower garden. She must surely deceive her looks for I never knew Evelyn to make a poor selection for her friends." But approaching the maid, he said, with a low bow, "I pray that the 'Lady of the Purple Asters' will pardon my seeming neglect which was due to circumstances over which I had no control."

The German girl beamed upon him, and not knowing how to reply to such an outburst, said simply, "Yes, I bring the flowers."

Fred gallantly seized the basket, placed it in the back of the car, and invited the girl to sit beside him. Noticing she seemed timid, he undertook to entertain her, and launched forth into an elaborate discussion of science and art, while the bewildered German girl stared at him in open-eyed wonder, fearing to commit herself further than an occasional "yes" or "so." Upon arriving he drove up to the entrance with much gusto and gallantly escorted her to the house.

"Where is the kitchen?" she suddenly asked.

Fred looked at her in surprise. "Kitchen!" he exclaimed; don't you want to see Evelyn?"

"Is she the boss?" she asked.

"Well, of all the nerve!" thought Fred, and added aloud, somewhat dryly, "Maybe you had better ask her," and led the way to his cousin's room, where she lay expectantly propped up among the cushions.

"I bring the asters, ma'am," said the girl.

Evelyn looked puzzled. "Didn't Rubie come?" she asked.

"Holy smoke! Isn't this she?" exclaimed Fred. "She sure had the whole posey bed with her."



"My name is Katie," said the girl, innocently. "You telephoned me to come."

Fred stared in amazement, while his cousin elicited from the wondering girl the information as to who she was and where she was bound.

"Fred," said his cousin, "you are a chump if ever there was one. Where can poor Rubie be? Whatever shall we do?"

Fred thrust his hands deep into his pockets and puckered his brow over the problem, then suddenly shouted, "By George! I have it. As sure as I live I believe I know. The club people met the train and captured the first one off with asters and no doubt at this moment our 'Aster Lady' is laboring there among the pots and pans. Here's forth to the rescue of the stolen princess!" And so saying, he rushed the bewildered German girl into the car so fast that she had scarcely recovered her breath when they reached her destination. Just as they reached the back door, they almost collided with the indignant Rubie who was coming out.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said Fred; "have you seen a lady with purple asters here?"

"Several *ladies* here have them now," she replied curtly. "They took mine by main force."

"Saved at last," quoted Fred; but the capturing was not so easy, for his "Aster Lady" was very indignant and it took all his persuasive powers to convince her of the true state of affairs. At last her better nature prevailed, and, laughing merrily over the ludicrousness of the situation, they sped away to assure the discomfited Evelyn.

"And to think," said Rubie, "that a purple aster would have caused so much mischief. My romantic plan almost turned into a tragedy."

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I think one of the saddest things in this life is to look about and see so many pretty girls in the school, and then to think that you can't get but one of them—and maybe not her.—REUBEN.

"Cultivate the thankful spirit! It will be to thee a perpetual feast."



# In Quest of a Thanksgiving Turkey

(By O. D. BYERS.)

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON WHITE and his aged wife Dinah were an aged negro couple who lived near a large city in Oregon. Their nearest neighbor was John Hardtack, a wealthy farmer who raised a great many turkeys for the city markets.

George Washington and Dinah were very fond of turkey and, as Thanksgiving time drew near, began to plan for a turkey dinner. They were very poor people and how to get the turkey was a question to be reckoned with. George finally decided to borrow a fowl from his neighbor's yard.

The night before Thanksgiving was dark and gloomy—an ideal night for visiting poultry yards. It was almost twelve o'clock and everything was still, when George set out in quest of the fowl which was to grace his table the next day. Not being possessed of a great amount of courage, it was a decided effort to nerve himself for the ordeal of getting that turkey, especially since all the flock roosted in the trees quite near Mr. Hardtack's house.

With shaking knees and chattering teeth, George finally reached the trees in which the turkeys roosted. He climbed a tree, seized the largest gobbler within his reach, and holding his prize under his arm quickly descended, to be confronted by a huge white bulldog with glaring eyes and wide-open mouth. With a savage growl the dog sprang at the intruder and his massive jaws closed with a snap.

Hearing the commotion, Mr. Hardtack came rushing out with his shotgun, expecting to catch a thief, but found only his bulldog struggling to subdue an immense turkey gobbler.

George Washington White and his good wife Dinah were very thankful on that festive day, with a dinner of cornbread and bacon. Mr. Hardtack is still wondering how his bulldog got the turkey out of the tree.



## Mary's Thanksgiving

(By ROSE LILY.)



MARY! O, Mary! Where are you?"

Mary arose hastily from her seat, threw her book on the table and went grumbling down the stairs. Her mother looked up with a querulous expression on her face.

"It seems to me that you might help me a little more with the work and not go moping about all day with a book in your hand. Here, I want you to take this bundle over to Mrs. Hatcher's. You ought to have been over there visiting poor little Lou all the afternoon instead of poring over an old book that you have read at least half a dozen times."

Dickey, the canary, hopped vigorously about in his cage and at the sight of Mary burst into a flood of melody. "You poor little reg'ected birdie, I don't see how you can sing. It is a shame, Mary, the way you neglect that bird. Not many girls are fortunate enough to have as fine a canary as Dickey. I'll bet Lou would—"

But Mary had seized the bundle and was gone, closing the door behind her with a slam. How she hated everything, the dingy old house, the daily round of cooking, dishwashing and sweeping; yes, and the canary bird with his everlasting twittering. Suppose she did have many things to be thankful for, but what did she have in comparison with Ellen Gray.

"Why has she everything and I nothing?" she thought bitterly.

Tomorrow was Thanksgiving, and Ellen was going to have a dinner party, followed by a dance in the evening. Mary had, that morning, watched with an envious feeling in her heart the arrival of some of the guests from town. At the sight of the well-dressed young people, she had crept upstairs and brought forth her evening gown—an old white lawn that had been her last summer's dress.

"How can I wear this old thing among all those people? I



will not go. There!" So she had declined Ellen's cordial invitation to the dinner party.

The trend of her thought was interrupted at this juncture by a genial "Hello," and looking up she saw a tall young man standing before her. Joe Jerome was the village doctor's son, and was considered the best "catch" in the whole countryside. He was one of Ellen's guests.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said, laughing; "I thought you were never going to see me at all, you were in such a deep brown study. It is a jolly shame that I have to deliver a message for Dad. I should like to carry that bundle for you. I suppose I shall see you tomorrow. Say, be sure and save me a dance or two, will you?"

Mary smiled, murmured some polite commonplace remarks, and went on hastily. Save a dance, indeed! She threw up her head, indignantly declaring that she did not care. But she did care.

Then she thought of Lou. Poor, little, crippled Lou! A few years ago she had been a bright, pretty girl, full of fun and spirit, but she had been stricken with some obscure malady that had left her an almost helpless cripple. Her father had died suddenly and she and her mother had had a hard time indeed to keep the wolf from the door. Their modest little home had been seized for the mortgage, but now by superhuman effort they had bought a tiny old house and garden plot. The house was dingy and unpainted, but there was a homelike air about it.

"I am so glad you came," exclaimed Lou, as Mary entered and sat down by her at the window. The fog was beginning to settle over the meadows and hills.

"Isn't this a dreary evening?" she said.

Just then a carriage came into view.

"I like this beautiful silvery mist," replied Lou. "Do you know, I never see a carriage coming toward me out of the fog like that but I think of the stage in 'The Tale of Two Cities.' It is a beautiful old world, isn't it? Only I fear sometimes we are too busy or too tired to see the beauty."

"If I could have money enough to dress like other people and have a beautiful home, and travel and see the beautiful things there are to see in the world, I should be able to see the beauty, I



guess," replied Mary; "but it is hard to see much beauty when you have to skimp and save and wear the same old things always. I don't see why we can't all be rich and happy and have the lovely times we read of people's having in books."

Lou smiled. "Oh, I don't know," she replied; "as for being happy, life is what we make it. I was so dissatisfied and envious of others before I went to the hospital last year. But you know Mother could not go with me and while I was there, a stranger and alone, and had plenty of time to lie awake of nights and think, I was so lonesome and homesick and felt so much an out-cast that I vowed I would be happy forever after if we could only get a home somewhere. I didn't care what kind of a home it was so long as it was ours. My hope has been realized and as long as I have Mother, I shall never be dissatisfied again. I am so thankful, too, for the little I can do to help her. Perhaps it is a good thing I can't walk, for then I might see all the sordid ugliness there is in the world; but from my window I see only the beauty."

As Mary walked home that evening, she thought that she had been too hasty in declining Ellen's invitation. After all, her white dress was very becoming, if it was old, and Ellen was a dear girl. Then there was Joe ———. As she entered the house her mother handed her a letter.

"Cecil Gray brought it over this afternoon. I don't see why you declined Ellen's invitation in the first place."

But Mary was not listening, for this is what she read:

"Dear Mary: I was dreadfully disappointed because you could not come to dinner, but I shall forgive you since your mother is going to have so much company. But you must come to my dance. I shall not take 'No' for an answer. Besides, I have seen your father and he says you may. I have so much to tell you that I shall insist on your staying over until the next day. Now, if you do not come there is someone besides myself who is going to be most dreadfully disappointed. He has been teasing me all day to allow him to go after you, but I have another plan.

"We are going to have dinner early and then we are going to drive over to the Falls. We shall call for you, and we are going to kidnap dear little Lou. Your friend,

ELLEN."

"I shall go," said Mary.



# THE NORM

Vol. 2

MONMOUTH, OREGON, NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 1

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Art	- - - - -	BESSIE GRAHAM

## REPORTERS

Freda Gist, Alumni	O. D. Byers, '13
Will H. Burton, '14	Irene DeArmond, '15
Opal McDaniel, '16	Margaret McCulloch, Vespertine
Grace Henderson, Delphian	J. C. Bell, Normals
Rhea Benson, Nebula Choral	Jean Sharman, Y. W. C. A.
Tomine Fety, Merl Dimick,	Gertrude Rohr, Girl's Athletic
Louvier Hall	Association

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Entered as second class matter December 23, 1911, at the post office at Monmouth, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879

In offering this, the first issue of The Norm for the present year, we have no apologies to make. We did intend to keep it smaller than it is, thus saving our funds for following numbers. But The Norm seems to grow in spite of all we can do to keep it down. This is due largely to the growing enrollment in the school; a larger student body means an increase in activities; with more activities comes the demand for greater space. We have, however, managed to abbreviate the editorials.

The edition is quite an expensive one; but we are determined to finance it without drawing on the student body fund for a single cent,—or "bust a gallus" in the effort.







We are pleased to number among our contributors so eminent a writer as Edmund Vance Cooke; also our governor, Oswald West; our State School Superintendent, L. R. Alderman; besides our own President, J. H. Ackerman, and all the members of the faculty. We have from them such an excellent collection of Thanksgiving sentiments, that we have decided not to add or detract by writing an editorial on that subject.

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Not long since, I heard a young lady say, "I would not like to go to the Oregon Normal School." On being asked why, she replied, "They have too much foolishness there." She had been reading the jokes in *The Norm*.

I can only feel sorry for such a person. What a gloomy world this must be for one who lacks a sense of humor. I wish that we might have twice as much "foolishness" to put into our joke column. We might then hit upon something that would provoke a smile; the smile might become vocal, and the laughter develop into a sense of humor.

"The mission of the humorist is to make man smile. In the world where Grief walks ever on the public highway and Pain is man's companion spirit, the mission of the humorist is high and holy. Laughter lengthens life. The ability to smile and the reason therefore gives strength and sustenance. The humorist is a benefactor to the human race. He drives away sorrow, puts courage into fainting hearts, chases the clouds from the sky. He is both tonic and anaesthetic." I sincerely believe that "A good time is a necessary element to education."

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It is a peculiar thing—this habit of being tardy. After the numerous talks and remarks on the subject by President Ackerman, it hardly seems probable that such a thing as tardiness could occur in the O. N. S. Yet it seems to spring up on all sides.

There are twenty-two contributors on *The Norm* staff. A definite date was set for all manuscripts to be in. Eight members, or 36 per cent of the staff, were tardy. The boys were 50 per cent tardy; the girls, 31 per cent. Certain contributions were asked from each member of the faculty. Of the eighteen, eleven failed to have the material ready on the appointed day, making them 61 per cent tardy. Of the twelve women in that body, only two were ready, making their total, 83 per cent tardy. The male members of the faculty made the best showing; they were 83 per cent prompt.



## Culled from the Editor's Mail

I shall very anxiously await each issue of The Norm. Hope you didn't have to count clover seeds this year.—Leslie Strachan, Joseph.

I am positive I cannot afford to be without The Norm\* \* \*We are working for our Clatsop County Juvenile Industrial Fair.—Emma Knutsen, Astoria.

If I have the opportunity of visiting the Normal, I shall expect you to give me the seat of honor you promised. Hope to receive The Norm as soon as it is published.—Gladys Baker, Willamette.

I'm honest to confess I get homesick for the O. N. S.\* \* \*Send me The Norm for the coming year.—Mary A. Ewing, Dayton.

Send me The Norm. I'll remit next time I write. Give my love to the girls.—Chas. V. Peterson, Sumner.

I couldn't get along without the dear old Norm.—Lela Scott, Albany.

I shall be delighted to have you send me The Norm. I could not think of getting along without it. Yes, should the subscription price be ten dollars, The Norm I must have.—O. B. Kraus, Gaston.

I am glad to hear of the large attendance and hope I may have a chance to pay the school a visit\* \* \*I could not be without The Norm.—Daphne Richards, McCoy.

Find enclosed money-order for seventy-five cents for one year's subscription to The Norm.—Lilly A. Crapson, Baker.

I am waiting for The Norm. Check enclosed.—May J. Peterson, Marshfield.

Check enclosed for The Norm.—Eva B. Clark, North Bend. (But the check was missing.—Ed.)



## We are Thankful

(Written expressly for this issue of The Norm.)

Thankful that our faces are  
set forward, thankful that  
we begin to believe that  
thankfulness is not thank-  
fulness, unless each can be  
thankful for all and all  
thankful for each.

Edmund Vance Cooke

I am thankful this year for the prosperity, the good fortune, and the health which has come to bless the people of this state. I am thankful for the opportunities here to be found for the people of today and the people of tomorrow. I am personally thankful for the opportunity I have been given, through the kindness of the people of this state, to do what little I may for the betterment and the advancement of the welfare and the interest of the people of Oregon.

OSWALD WEST.

I am thankful that I live in Oregon at this time when there are so many things to do worth doing. I am thankful that I am



in school work, which seems to me of all work the most worth while. I am thankful that our people believe in education, and in training for teachers, and that they are coming to believe in it more and more.

I am thankful that I broke my leg instead of my neck, as Thanksgiving Day is so near.

L. R. ALDERMAN.

I am thankful that my life has been so ordered that I have been privileged to spend a great portion of it with young people, thereby enabling me to constantly feel that my life seems like a perennial youth.

J. H. ACKERMAN.

I am thankful that the editors did not get to write my thanks for me.

THOS. H. GENTLE.

I am thankful for the beauties and bounties of Nature in Oregon.

A. B. BEAUMONT.

For the manifold privileges of the day—its opportunities and problems, the everpresent newspaper with its fund of information.

J. B. V. BUTLER.

Thankful? Yes, thankful for my work and for my friends—the opportunities and incentives of the former, and the cheerfulness and sympathy of the latter.

E. S. EVENDEN.

I am thankful that it is my privilege to work in a progressive Normal School with an able and broadminded leader, a congenial faculty, and a splendidly loyal student body.

H. C. OSTIEN.

Thanksgiving time is here again,  
We said our say before, so  
We'll repeat those sentiments  
But just a little more so.

\*ALABAMA BRENTON,  
BLANCHE FRIDD,  
MINNETTE E. HARLAN,  
GERTRUDE WILCOX,  
MYRA H. BUTLER,  
MABEL G. WEST,  
ROSA B. PARROTT,  
KATIE DUNSMORE,  
ALICE MCINTOSH,  
JESSICA TODD,  
GRACE M. DAVIS,  
RUBY M. SHEARER.

\*Author.

I am thankful that the men of the faculty did not join the above trust.

THE EDITOR.



## What's Doing



MISS FLORENCE TATE is acting as assistant librarian.

On Polk County School Day, October 4, several students from the Normal attended the Fair at Dallas.

Much sympathy was expressed for Miss Parrott, who was absent from school for several days owing to illness.

The position of fifth and sixth grade critic teacher, made vacant by the resignation of Miss Olive Louise Davis, has been filled by the election of Miss Jessica Todd of the Indiana Normal.

President Ackerman's Monday chapel talks on "How to Gain Success," are very practical and inspiring.

The tennis courts are in use most of the time between daylight and dark. This is one of the most popular ways of spending the two hours in the open air, which President Ackerman advises.

Miss Hazel Gensman had the misfortune to break her finger while playing basketball. Though not serious, it is rather painful.

Old O. N. S. is again running on schedule time, with an enrollment of one hundred sixty-nine and seventeen members of the faculty. A majority of last year's students have returned.

The faculty of O. N. S. is in great demand for institute work. The following members have been away: President Ackerman, at Ashland, The Dalles and Enterprise; Miss Parrott and Mr. Gentle at The Dalles; and Miss Shearer at Grande Ronde.

About three hundred new books were placed in the library the first of the year, practically half of them being selected from the state list. We were also pleased to find ten or twelve new periodicals on the magazine shelf.

The numbers selected for the lyceum course for this winter were carefully chosen by the committee. The first number, by Edmund Vance Cook, on "The Religion of Democracy," was given Oct. 29; the second, the Katherine Ridgeway Company, appeared Nov. 13; the Carter's Caroline Jubilee Singers, a colored company, will appear Jan. 6; and the final number, Carmen's Italian Orchestra, will come Feb. 5.

Bids for the erection of the new dormitory, also for a central



heating plant to heat the dormitory and other Normal buildings, were opened Oct. 22, and contract was awarded to John Almeter of Portland.

There are many improvements being made about the Normal. The Assembly Hall has been repainted and re-decorated; the outside of the main building is being repainted and repaired; the Gymnasium has a new roof; and the library floor has been covered with a cork matting. A lunch room, for those who must carry their lunches, has been fitted up. A medicine chest, full of remedies to be used in emergencies, has been placed in the rest room.

A kitchen shower was given Mr. and Mrs. Evenden on the evening of Sept. 28. The members of the faculty met at the Normal building and proceeded to the kitchen door of Mr. Evenden's cozy home. They were met by a very much surprised host, who, with many exclamations, ushered them into the dining room, where guessing and unwrapping of bundles began. The guesses of Mr. Evenden caused much merriment. An appetizing lunch was served and an enjoyable evening spent.

The old Sloyd building has been remodeled for the use of the departments of Domestic Science and Domestic Art, which are in charge of Miss Myra Butler, who comes from Cheney, Wash., where she had charge of these departments for several years. The part of the building used by the Science department is furnished with four maple-topped tables, at each of which four girls can work; a large china cupboard and bins (for flour, sugar and cereals) combined; two sinks with drain boards; two ranges, the Monarch and Clark Jewel three-burner oil stove; spice cupboard filled with spices furnished by the Dwight Edwards Co. of Portland and Eppely of Salem; cupboard for granite and the girls' aprons; and a large pantry with cooler. At present, the Domestic Science girls are making pickles, preserves and canning fruit. The girls in the Domestic Art classes have hemmed towels, napkins, tablecloths, dust cloths, etc., for the Domestic Science work.

The Art course consists of sewing, plain and fancy stitches, their application in articles which can be used in the various grades, basketry, raffia, paper folding, cord weaving and other work suitable for the work of all grades. The room is furnished



with two large work tables and cupboards. Both courses are quite popular.

A distinguished guest in the person of Edmund Vance Cook visited the O. N. S. October 29. A special assembly of high school and Normal students was held in the chapel at two o'clock, where the students greeted Mr. Cooke with his poem, "How Did You Die." He responded with an interesting story of this poem.

The first number of the Lyceum Course, given by Mr. Cooke, was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. The compositions of this Ohio poet, delivered in his clever and entertaining manner, were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The following speakers have addressed the students during the chapel periods: Miss Wilcox, with her interesting talk on Playgrounds, representing the Faculty; Miss Hesse, with her oration on The Montessori System in the United States, representing the first group of the February seniors; L. R. Traver and Mrs. Ellis both gave interesting talks; and the members of the Faculty who have been doing institute work, have given some good reports.

The social calendar at O. N. S. was quite full during the latter part of October. The dancing party given by the Normals at the gymnasium; the first number of the Lyceum Course; the dinner for the Faculty, given by the February Seniors of the Domestic Science Department; the Hallowe'en party given by Miss Fridd for the Vespertines; the entertainment of the Harmony Cottage crowd at Justidere Cottage; the Junior party at the gymnasium; the Delphian Ghost and Witch party; and the usual Hallowe'en frolics.

On Friday evening, November 1, the dining room in the Domestic Science building looked very festive in Hallowe'en decorations. The dinner prepared and served to the Faculty by the eight February Seniors of this department showed marked ability on the part of the students as well as the instructor. The twenty-four guests unanimously voted that these girls will not only be able to "train the young idea how to shoot," but also to solve the perplexing household problems should it be necessary.

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If you don't like The Norm, tell us what is wrong with it.



## Oratory and Debate

(Reported by N. A.)

The work in oratory and debate has been practically at a standstill during the first month of school, but The Norm will hear from this department later, as there promises to be some lively debates in the future.



*When Willie doesn't tell the truth,  
Don't swat him on the cranium.  
Speak gently to the erring youth,  
And hand him a geranium.*

*The theory is very beautiful,  
But difficult of practice.  
To make him really dutiful,  
You would better try a cactus.*



## Athletics

(Reported by T. L. O.)

The outlook for athletics at the Oregon Normal School is much more promising than it was at this time last year. The three tennis courts on the campus have been among the busiest places about the school this fall, and the Normal will be able to produce some very good teams in the spring.

The boys organized their Athletic Association a short time ago



and are going in for basketball with a vengeance. The number of boys is about twice what it was last year and some good material ought to be produced.

The men will not take up football this fall, as their number is still too small to admit of a first and second team.

## Drama

Time: Saturday morning.

Place: A Monmouth kitchen.

### Act I. Scene 1.

Enter M., an O. N. S. Domestic Science student, also R. G., and E., who are carrying Dom. Art. patches.

M. Girls, I'm going to make some grape marmalade.

(Later) Come here, R.—is this done?

R. No.

M. (Three minutes later) Is it now?

R. Yes.

M. How do you know?

R. Why, the first time Miss Butler looked at mine, she said No, the next time she said Yes; and that's just what I did.

M. All pass your plates.

### Scene 2.

General scramble for water bucket.

Enter Landlady: Why, girls!

ALL. Whew! this marmalade tastes as though it had been too near the salt-bin!

As time comes and goes, all things change. The old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner-table was laden with turkey and chicken, or ducks and geese, plum and rice pudding, mince and pumpkin pies, pickles of all sorts, fruits of various kinds, and vegetables galore. In nineteen-hundred-and-now, those good old "eats" are made obscure by such dishes as "Spotted Dick," "Toad in the Hole," "Angels on Horseback," "Petticoat Tails," "Bubble and Squeak," "Sally Lunns," "Singing Hinnies," "King Henry's Shoe-

strings," etc.

Mr. Butler, discussing religion in history class: "I want to relate a little incident that occurred when I was down below."



## To The Faculty of O. N. S.

(By M. A. E.)

It has been said when poets write,  
And place in words their thoughts sublime,  
Which spread the earth from sea to sea,  
Like sweet Apollo, God divine;  
And which, if left alone, would lie  
Through all the ages time can bring,  
That then the theme on which they write  
Seems greatest from which art can spring.

Well, now if I a poet was,  
And knew just how to place my words,  
And if from nature I had learned  
The lesson taught by flowers and birds,  
And wished to write my masterpiece  
And searched the world through for my theme,  
Perhaps the one who heads these lines  
Would not be chosen as supreme.

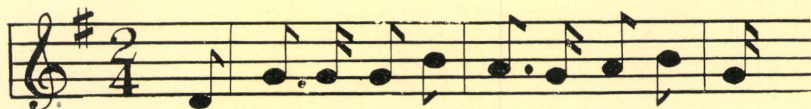
But now it is not my desire  
To sing a grand immortal song,  
I only wish to send my thanks,  
With hopes that may their life be long;  
Who were our teachers kind and true,  
And who is worthy of the name,  
To you, our friends, whose like are few,  
A corps, our class is not ashamed.

A suggestion to Mr. Beaumont's class in Agriculture: How would it be to so arrange the planting of onions and potatoes that the onions would cause the tears to flow from the eyes of the potatoes, thus making them self-irrigating?

"Many 'lemons' of real life might become heroes at the touch of a friend's hand at some critical time of opportunity and responsibility.

Miss Hill: "Don't put my name into the jokes."





Shirley Dorsey of the February, 09, class is teaching in Panama.

Don Lewis, now in the electrical business at Albany, was married during the summer.

Rush Clarke of Millwood, Oregon, visited old friends at the O. N. S. in September.

Mary Wetherbee of the '03 class was married to R. C. Cone of Reedley, California, this summer.

E. S. Evenden of the class of '03 and a member of our faculty surprised his friends by bringing home a bride.

Fred Crowley has gone back to the old farm, at Crowley, to try his luck as a farmer. He was formerly principal of the Independence school.

Vera Stewart has begun work at Eugene, after seven successful years teaching in Hood River. She attended the Summer School at O. N. S. this summer.

Our old friend, Dean Butler, has wandered far from our midst, having sailed for the Philippines in July. He intends to teach in the government schools there.

The Oregon State Normal has enticed several alumni to enter its ranks again. Those entering this semester are Clara Ireland, Bess Shepherd, Jean Sharman, Maud Wills, Oren Byers, and Freda Gist.

W. C. Bryant of Moro, who has long been sacrificing his law practice to further the interests of education in Sherman county, has decided to devote his whole time to his profession as a lawyer. As a member of the Board of Regents for the O. N. S. we know his interests for our welfare will not depreciate.

The Seniors of 1911-'12 are nearly all in the profession: Mabel Ellis, Wasco; Elta Clarke, McMinnville; Ruth Twohy, Condon; Esther Ryan, Newberg; Emma Knutsen, Astoria; Inez Stark, McMinnville; Lelia Scott, Albany; Esther Copeland, To-



ledo; Mabel Temple, Salem; Selma Norberg, Astoria; Mrs. Meta Watson, Oregon City; Gwendoline Carpenter, Grass Valley; Katherine Campbell, at home in Monmouth; Bessie Foster, Portland; Viola Gwynn, Astoria; Charles Cook, Halfway; O. B. Kraus, Gaston; Eva Cox, Heppner; Mary Ewing, Dayton; Albert Sacre, Pendleton; Hazel Bohannon, Independence; Louise McAlpine, Portland; Alice Morrison, College Springs, Iowa; Queen Lynn, Toledo; Lexie Strachan, Joseph; Jessie Hyde, Seattle.

## Seniors

(Reported by O. D. B.)

The annual reception given by the Seniors to the faculty and other classes of the school, was held on Friday evening, Sept. 20, in the Normal chapel. A short program was given in the earlier part of the evening, after which the time was spent in getting acquainted. Small booklets were provided for each one and as many signatures as possible were obtained from those present. Light refreshments were served, after which a grand march concluded the enjoyments of the evening.

The following officers were elected for the Senior classes: February Seniors: president, Miss Sadie Bell; vice-president, Miss Mary Whitman; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Eva Scott. June Seniors: president, Miss Carlotta Crowley; vice-president, Miss Gertrude Rohr; secretary, Miss Florence Haan; treasurer, Miss Mildred Frances.

The February Seniors have been assigned to their respective groups and are diligently preparing their Chapel orations. The student body and faculty will soon be allowed the privilege of listening to these orations, which will, no doubt, be masterpieces of the century.

## Juniors

The Juniors met as a class for the first time on September 20. Most of us were at a loss as to how to proceed in such a classy gathering, having been in a class by ourselves heretofore. But Professor Ostien kindly suggested that it was customary for a class to elect officers on such an occasion as this. A number were



placed in the race for president, and Mr. Sattoli Hanns was elected. Such a "Hannsome" man couldn't help but win "Hanns down." On account of her stately grace and queenly presence, Miss Veva Dunlap was elected as his aid and lieutenant. Genevieve Thompson was honored with the position of class scribe, and Miss Florence Tate was entrusted with the care and administration of our funds. Miss Rose Lillie was elected "official bouncer." To ourself was given the "honor" (also the work) of reporting the class doings. We haven't found out yet what the class had against us.

We were about to proceed to the selection of a class badge and colors when the bell rang. The force of habit being strong upon us we grabbed our books and "beat it" without giving our higher cortical centers a chance to function and tell us we still had five minutes. (We sincerely hope Mr. Evenden reads this last sentence. Remarkable as it may seem we really do know something about Psychology, though some of us are not just sure what.)

Aided by the Sophomores and Juniors we held a most enjoyable Hallowe'en party in the gym. Some Soph, with all the ingenuity and originality of a mocking-bird, carefully sprinkled the floor with red pepper. This little act of forethought really tickled us—especially our noses. Later in the evening a number of the Seniors honored our gathering with their presence, but these mighty beings with thought of unprepared lessons at home were obliged to leave early. Their going was sincerely regretted by all of us. Dancing, games, and other Hallowe'en frolics were indulged in and notwithstanding the pepper and the strenuous work of entertaining our guests, invited and otherwise—strong on the otherwise—a very enjoyable evening was passed. The committee had prepared a very nice little supper but somehow it was quite a time till we got started on it. The where, the how, and the why of the "supper table" must remain forever a secret.

## Sophomores

(Reported by I. DeA.)

The first meeting of the Sophomore class was held September 20. The following officers were elected: president, Mr. Tom Ostien; vice-president, Joe Belle; secretary, Miss Lyda Belle;



treasurer, Miss Ossie Grice; sergeant-at-arms, Miss Orrie Steinberg.

The Sophomore class celebrated their first party October 18, at the home of Tom Ostien, their president. Miss McDaniel, accompanied by Miss Fridd, played several choice selections on the violin, which were followed by a vocal solo, "Sing Me to Sleep," by Miss Hershey. The floor was then cleared and "everybody danced." After the dancing they departed for their respective homes declaring they had spent a very enjoyable evening.

### SOPHOMORE.

Student who is never guessing, and  
Who always is expressing  
Well his thoughts on all the knotty problems  
In this school of ceaseless lore.  
Where came your art of always telling, and  
Nearly always rightly spelling  
All the long hard words  
Of Psychologic "bore?"  
O, Student of the great "A" pluses,  
Reveal your name I do implore!  
Quoth the student, "Sophomore!"

## They are Thankful

Miss Dicken—Because Fletcher called on her mother.

Miss Pechin—Because Mr. Richardson didn't get a new girl.

Miss Hesse—That Miss Lilly has ceased to study in the parlor.

Miss DeArmond—That "Cook" didn't stop "Halfway."

Mr. Fletcher—For the protection of a "Constable."

Mr. Peterson—That Miss Parrott does not ask more than twenty-seven questions on each canto.

Miss Sizemore—That hearts are for sale. She knows someone who will "By 'ers."

Miss Wagner—That each boy has not found out that the other writes.

Miss Perry—For opportunity to observe—spooners in the library.





(Reported by O. McD.)

Freshmen's Aim: "To uphold the glory and the honor of the Oregon Normal School, and especially that of the Class of '16."

The first meeting of the Class of '16 was held in Mr. Butler's room, which certainly was fortunate, for no one knew how or why we should organize. Being mere Freshmen (surely it would be more appropriate to say "Freshwomen"), perhaps this sad state of affairs was pardonable. But Mr. Butler came to our aid, and succeeded in stirring up so much class spirit that we elected a president. Then, alas! he left us. We were completely bewildered. No one dared do anything further and everyone stared blankly into space, some fair maidens blushing crimson, others idly twirling their useless thumbs. At last some one was inspired to suggest that we elect a secretary and treasurer, which we immediately did, wondering why we had not thought of these important personages sooner. After such a strenuous meeting, we adjourned, all thanking our lucky stars that we had survived an ordeal so dreadful. Of course, I may be mobbed for telling these state secrets. But, you all know, I must have some recompense for my valuable reporting, and "Am I not also a Freshie!"

Since then we have managed by hook or crook to secure the other necessary officials, and have decided upon class colors and an emblem. These colors, royal blue and white, are symbols of our characters; and our emblem is a symbol of something which the upperclassmen may decide for themselves. It is a small blue stocking.

The officers of the class are: president, Ada Clinkenbeard; vice-president, Ada Lefoe; secretary and treasurer, Catherine Gentle; sergeant-at-arms, Mable Cartwright; reporter, Opal McDaniel; yell leader, Mr. Winters.



## Vespertines

(Reported by M. McC.)

The Vespertine society has commenced the new school year with a very hopeful future in view. Many new members have been added to our membership list, due to the many new students who have entered the school this semester; we hope that they will enjoy the society and are sure that they can and will give us suggestions which will make the Vespertine society a greater success than even last year.

The program committee has made out several very good programs, and by having them made several weeks ahead we are enabled to do more preparation for our numbers. The society has decided to devote every other meeting to debating; by so doing, we hope to inform ourselves on the leading questions of the day. One reason for introducing more debating into our programs was to make that department stronger in our school.

The first meeting of the year was an informal reception to the new members of our society. The most interesting feature of the program was an auction of "farce famous pictures" and valuable articles, sold to the ones offering the most beans for them.

## Delphian

(Reported by G. H.)

The Delphians have begun their new year's work with a will that means success. The old members have returned to school so full of loyalty and enthusiasm that they have inspired the new members with the feeling that Oregon has the ideal Normal and that the Delphian is the ideal society of that Normal.

The past history of the Delphians has been a record of splendid achievements, literary and social, but they hope to make this the banner year.

The opening meeting of the year was a much enjoyed reception to new members, followed by light refreshments at Moreland's, during which the spirit of fun prevailed in toasts and songs.

The programs for the entire semester have already been



planned and announced, and each promises to be especially good. These programs are to be printed in attractive form, which will add much to the interest of the meetings.

It has been decided to hold a joint session with the Vesper-tines and Normals, in the Assembly room at the first of each meeting, for the musical numbers of the programs, after which they will adjourn to their respective society rooms for the remainder of the program.

The debates for this semester have been planned differently from last year. Realizing the value of debates, every other meeting is to be given over to the discussion of some current question. All the societies will discuss this same question, thus lending interest to the topic and making the debates of more general import throughout the school.

Heretofore, the social element has been somewhat neglected, but this year a special committee has been appointed for each debate evening to have charge of the social hour which will follow the debate.

The officers chosen for this year are as follows: president, Miss Carlotta Crowley; vice-president, Miss Iza Constable; secretary, Miss Anna Wood; treasurer, Miss Olea Shore; sergeant-at-arms, Miss Agnes Clark; reporter, Miss Grace Henderson.

Of all the girls that are jolly,  
Of all the girls that are true  
And work with a will, their mission to fill—  
The Delphians prove true blue.  
Of course, they believe life's worth living,  
And of fun a portion they take;  
But spend most of their time in the cultural line  
For knowledge and learning's sake.

—G. H., '13

## Normals

(Reported by J. C. B.)

The Normal Society held their first regular meeting Sept. 27, 1912. The time was spent in electing officers and talking over plans for the semester. Mr. Butler gave a talk on the things we wished to accomplish during the year.

The following officers were elected: president, Mr. Winters;

OREGON NORMAL  
SCHOOL LIBRARY  
BONNOUTH, OREGON



vice-president, Mr. Burton; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Slevoigh; reporter, Mr. Belle.

Everyone seemed to be ready to do his part. We are looking forward to a very successful year's work.

The Normal Society entertained the school and a number of invited guests at a dancing party held in the gymnasium Saturday evening, October 19, 1912.

The gym was tastefully decorated in fall colors, yellow crepe paper, corn and pumpkins being used effectively. The guests, to the number of about two hundred, proved to be a jolly and congenial crowd, and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. Even the girls, handicapped as they were by the ever-present Monmouth problem, the boy shortage, report having a very good time.

## Louvier Hall

(Reported by T. F. and M. D.)

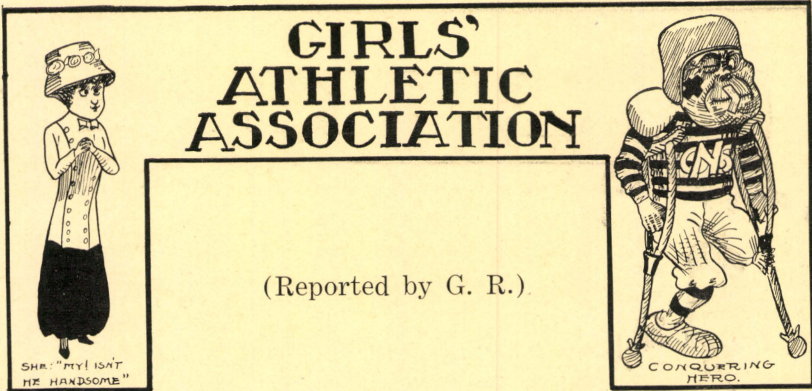
A very jolly gathering of the eleven girls of Louvier Hall met September 25, to christen their dormitory. "Fudge," the college friend, headed the program by allowing itself to be cooked in the most delicious fashion; then more "eats" followed. After the ceremonies and inspiring christening had taken place, many plans were suggested to make the Hall one of the most homelike and enjoyable places in Monmouth. By the way the girls demonstrated their lung capacity in the nine "Rahs" for Louvier Hall and for Mrs. Weniger, one can surmise that they will make it a success.

### SOME OF THE SPECIALTIES OF THE GIRLS

1. Clara Lewis—Early morning breakfasts.
2. Reetha Shaw—Fudge, card games, trouble.
3. Winnie Smith—Herb tea.
4. Bel Sawyer—Letters for Mother.
5. Bessie Bays—Birthdays and anonymous presents.
6. Emma Johnson—Company.
7. Mildred Trindell—Tall men.
8. Merl Dimick—Playing tennis.
9. Mrs. Weniger—Agriculture.
10. Tomine Fety—Sleeping three-in-a-bed, malted milk.
11. Signa Stone—Honesty.

MONMOUTH NORMAL  
SCHOOL LIBRARY  
MONMOUTH, OREGON





The brilliant record which the Girls' Athletic Association (organized last year) established for itself is being continued by its members during the present year. We have reorganized and elected the following officers: Senior and Junior classes: manager, Gertrude Rohr; captain, Lenore Sizemore; secretary and treasurer, Florence Tate. Sophomore and Freshmen classes: manager, Luella De Lano; captain, Merl Dimick; second team captain, Miss Gensman; secretary and treasurer, Miss Bays.

The first teams are composed of girls having former experience; the second, of those who have never played.

Although no public games have been played this semester, both teams are practicing regularly and much skill in throwing baskets, guarding, and in other "stunts" is being shown.

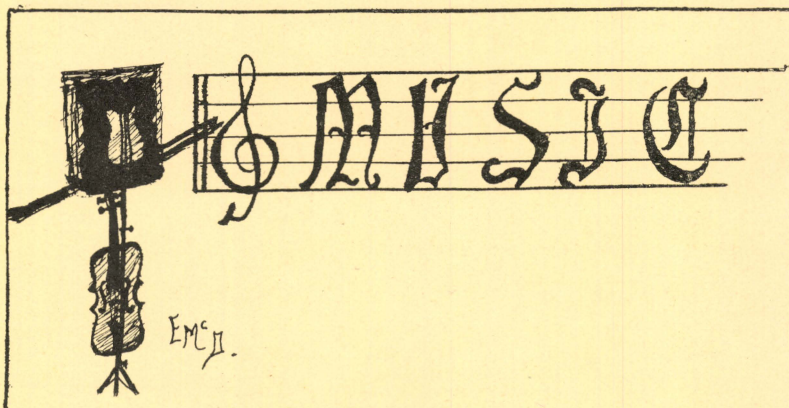
Our great modesty forbids our boasting; we merely ask that you watch and see us do things.

We, the girls of the Athletic Association, wish to express our sincerest appreciation to Mr. Beaumont for the heading he so kindly sketched for us.

## Opportunity

"Opporchunity," says Mr. Dooley, "knocks at iv'ry man's dure wanst. On some men's dures it hammers till it breaks down th' dure, an' then it goes in an' wakes him up if he's asleep, an' afterwards it worruks f'r him as a night-watchman. On some men's dures it knocks an' runs away, an' on th' doors iv some men it knocks an' whin they come out it hits thim over th' head with an axe. But iv'rywan has an opporchunity."





The O. N. S. orchestra has started with the following membership:

First violin: Catherine Gentle, Elda McDaniels, Tomine Fety, Gertrude Rogers, Hjalmar Gentle. Second violin: Lorena Daniel, David Slavoigh, Evelyn Haley. First cornet: James Gentle. Second cornet: Carol Hogue, A. B. Beaumont. Clarinets: Ermine Gentle, Tom Ostien, Clarence Daniel. Drums: Charles Strong. Pianist: Miss Blarch Fridd.

The officers elected were: president, James Gentle; vice-president, Elda McDaniels; secretary and treasurer, Catherine Gentle.

## Normalonians

The Normalonian Club was organized the first of this semester for Glee Club, Cantata, and Operetta work.

The following officers were elected: president, Florence Tate; vice-president, Veva Dunlap; secretary and treasurer, Lorena Daniel; librarian, Opal McDaniels; business manager, Carlotta Crowley; reporter, Florence Haan; pianist, Miss Blanche Fridd.

They are now preparing the Cantata, "King Rene's Daughter," to give at Christmas time, and also planning to make a tour of the state next spring.

## The Nebula Choral

(Reported by R. B.)

The Nebula Choral of the Oregon Normal was organized soon



after the opening of school, with a membership of fifty. The following officers were elected: president, Miss Elda McDaniels; vice-president, Miss Elsie Yoder; secretary and treasurer, Miss Lida Bell; pianist, Miss Fridd.

With Miss Harlan as director we expect to make rapid strides along the musical line, and to keep up the high standard set by the Glee Club of last year.

"The Nebula Choral  
Will warble and sing  
Through hills and through valleys,  
Their voices will ring,  
So softly and sweetly,  
Glad messages bring." —M. Neely.

## Y. W. C. A.

(Reported by J. S.)

The first meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held for the purpose of organization. The following officers were elected: president, Miss Constable; vice-president, Miss Wills; secretary, Miss Wood; treasurer, Miss Allen. At a later meeting the members of the Association decided to elect a reporter; Miss Sharman was chosen to fill that office.

It was decided to hold meetings at intervals of two weeks. Sunday afternoon was selected as the time of meeting, which met the needs of most of the members.

The first regular meeting was held in the chapel on October 20. Miss Constable was leader. A particularly enjoyable feature of the program was a solo by Miss Fridd.

The Cabinet has planned quite extensive work for this year. An effort will be put forth to make the Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations especially enjoyable for those who remain in Monmouth.

Thus far the organizers of the Association are greatly pleased with the number of members. The Association gives promise of especial strength this year.

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Governor West gave a very interesting address to the student body of the University of Oregon on "The State and Its Attitude Toward the University." The address was so impressive that at the conclusion six hundred and seventy students took the oath to repay the state through service to the commonwealth.



## Exchanges

(Reported by S. B.)

Ypsilanti, Michigan, has an enrollment of 1,389 this year.

The University of Oregon and the Oregon Agricultural College have decided not to play football this year.

The University of Oregon had its first student body meeting the 1st of October, with 450 present. The meeting was followed by a rally.—Ex.

The Crucible, from Greeley, Colorado, is a very entertaining paper. Its short stories and poems are excellent. In fact, the whole paper is very original.

Colorado University has opened its fall tennis tournament with 15 men in the singles and 8 teams in the doubles. The winners will be awarded racquets and letters.

Miss Bishop, the new instructor for girls' gymnasium at Forest Grove, has planned a very interesting year's work. She has also planned several changes in her department.—Ex.

On November 16th, the annual interclass country race will be held at the University of Washington. Each class has begun training and all are making a great effort to capture the prize.—Ex.

The Willamette student body met and elected for their executive committee: Miss Jessie Young, president; Ray Smith, vice-president; Miss Lottie Penn, secretary. Miss Young is honored by being the first woman ever elected student body president.

All Economic students in the University of Oregon are to write theses. The plan consists of preliminary and permanent assignments. The former is to be used in connection with the state legislation; while the permanent topics will entail an entire year's work.

The use of "shall" and "should": Never use "shall" when you should use "should," and never use "should" when you should use "shall." In short, we should always say "should" whenever we should, and never should say "shall" when we should say "should." Is that plain enough?—Ex.

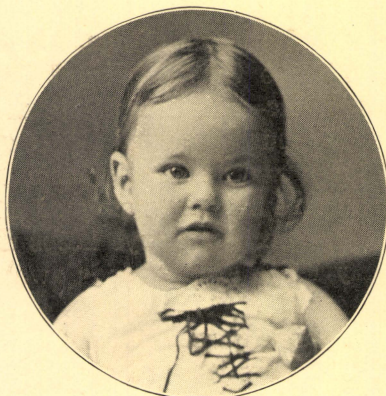




These are members of the O. N. S. at the present time. To the person who first correctly names them, MORLAN & SON will give the four-dollar box of stationery which has been on display in their window during the past two weeks.

#### CONDITIONS.

1. No answer shall be considered that is not on the form provided for that purpose, two copies of which are enclosed with each Norm.
2. All answers shall be numbered in the order in which they are received by the Editor.
3. The contest shall not be decided before November 26.
4. If not correctly answered by November 26, contest shall be renewed.
5. Correct answer shall be published in the next issue of The Norm; also the name of winner.



## Guess Who?



## Marba's Letter

———, Ore., Oct. 22, 1912.

Dear Dad: Here I am at last! This is the queerest place I ever struck. You know I told you while I was at Monmouth that Mr. Ackerman always said our outside record counted. Well, I never knew what he meant till I got here. These people haven't asked me what I got in Art or anything else while I went to school at Monmouth, but they all ask me where I am from and how I can get along with people here. Gee! I thought sure I'd get to show my grades, but nobody acts as if they want to see them.

There's a big fat man here who kind of runs things. Folks call him a Superintendent, but I don't like that big word very well, so I'm going to give him a new name—one that the teacher explained to us the other day—it's "Encouragingher." That explains him, Dad. He says he just loves to come in our room because we sing so nice and the atmosphere is always so good and wholesome. I guess he means that the teacher always keeps the windows open to let in plenty of oxygen to keep us kids awake. I tell you oxygen is a wonderful thing, Dad.

I've gone to just one dance since I came here. My, but I had a good time! Pretty near got lost tho; there were so many boys I didn't know how to act.

I sing in the church choir, too, Dad. The kids wanted me to, and you sent me that pretty hat, so I decided my voice was good enuf. Aren't you surprised? But Miss Harlan of Monmouth would be. You know she always liked me tho, so she won't be mad at me if I do sing.

But Dad, you would have been surprised if you had been here one day last week. The school gave one of them parties where all the new people dress up in their best togs, stand in a straight line, and shake hands with people, and what do you suppose they asked me to do? Speak a speech for 'em! Well, I thot of Miss Parrott who learned me all of those Mother Geese speaks, so after 4 or 5 long music pieces had been randeared and some awful smart teachers had tired us kids out with some long talks about



how nice this place was and how good lookin' all the people here was (They looked like they was lying, Dad) I got up and scared the people half to death by speaking my little speak about how poor I was, etc. Then what do you think them folks did? Why, they thot I hadn't finished my piece, I guess, so they just clapped their hands till I went back again. That time I just gave 'em a piece of my mind, and turned to the big girls and just sang to 'em. Gee! They pretended they was awful mad and said they would get even with me, but the next day they said they'd play quits if I'd learn 'em how to speak pieces. Of course, you know, Dad, I hain't smart enuf to do that yet, and besides, I have to save my brain, so it won't wear out before I go to Monmouth to see them smart Juniors graduate next June.

Excuse me, Dad, for writing so much about Monmouth, but somehow I just can't help thinking about it all the time, especially when people ask if I went to an eastern or a western school before I came here. I always speak right up so proud like and say, I'm from the "Oregon Normal School—Do you know where that is?" Of course everybody knows. They'd be awful ignorant if they didn't. Write soon, Dad, to your loving

MARBA.

## Extracts from Summer School Diary

JUNE 24: The generally "backward" Monmouth & Independence train, crowded with Normal students, finally landed us safe and sound at the Monmouth depot.

When the train left, strange as it may seem, all that I beheld about the depot was "WORK." Teachers usually are not familiar with "him," so we were left a bunch of strangers in a strange land. Just when we were about to start on our way for somewhere, a man hurriedly came toward us. To avoid his getting away, I spoke up, "Hi, sir." He at once answered, "Yes sir, that's my name." I was so surprised at this that I dropped both of my grips and didn't stir until I heard him say, "I presume you are all Normal students." We all answered in the affirmative, and he continued that President Ackerman had sent him down to take the students to the Normal Building, so they might register and classify and avoid the rush.



In a few moments this gentleman and the rest of us were on our way to the Temple of Learning. The campus with the fir grove and the ivy-covered walls of the building was a grand sight to us.

A few moments later and we were on the cork floor matting, walking rapidly toward the office. However, just before I entered the office, I met a lady who had registered and paid her tuition. She said, "KATIE DUNS-MORE than any other person in the institution."

This warning did not entirely keep me from entering and so, after a few minutes, I was face to face with the President. There was a friendly greeting and conversing. Then after the "Shoe Strings" were carefully looked over, he finally began suggesting what studies would be best for me to take.

He said, "If you wish to take any sciences, you may go to BEAU-MO(U)NT." But I said, "I'd rather go to Cupid's Knoll."

He said, "If you are interested in matters of speech, talk with PARROTT." And he continued in this way until finally I was classified.

In the afternoon, when I got back to school, I rather accidentally stepped into room No. 14. The first thing on the program was the "GENTLE" request, "Write your name and number on a piece of paper and pass forward." Someone not familiar with the directions inquired, "Where shall we write our names?" The "GENTLE" reply again, "Anywhere, just so you don't miss the paper."

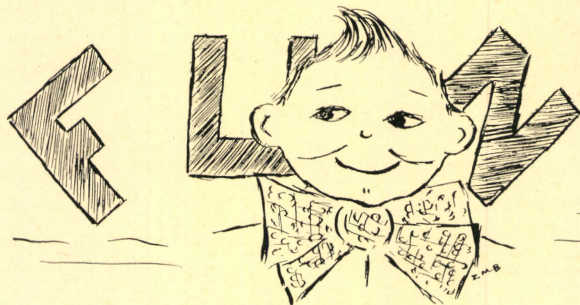
During the next class period, I stepped into the Art rooms. Miss Brenton said, "As a special favor today I'll allow the class to draw what they're going to be after they have finished school." A certain girl for some time idly tapped her pencil on the desk. The instructor, seeing her absent look, volunteered to help her, and said, "Why, Miss Ewing, don't you know what you are going to be?" To which Miss Ewing blushing answered, "Yes, I know but I can't draw it. I'm going to be married."

I was nearly frightened to death for fear that I'd be questioned next and at once left the room.

The sun was nearing the horizon, but still I entered room No. 5 to get a little "consciousness." Of course it was "EVEN-DEN" (evening then) and thus was ended my first day in the O. N. S.

D. SLEVOIGH.





(Edited by C. C. and F. L. T.)

First Florence came home and said to the girls:  
 "On Friday next my hair must be in curls,  
 For Tom is going to give a dance—the dear—  
 And Pete has asked me. Do you hear?"  
 Then Katie and Veva, they tore their hair,  
 For no one had asked their company there;  
 They wanted to go, but knew not how to arrange it so.  
 The last day arrived the morning it fled,  
 And no one had asked them, so it is said,  
 But Iza went home and Bill needed a girl;  
 He fumed and fussed till his head was awlirl.  
 "Whom can I take? Tom says they must dance.  
 Oh, where, oh, where, will I find my chance?"  
 He thought, he thought, he thought it o'er,  
 Until he reached the office door,  
 And looking in he met his fate,  
 For there sat our dear little Kate.  
 In he walked, sedate and prim,  
 To ask this little girl to go with him.  
 Now Florence and Katie were provided for,  
 But Veva was left just as before.  
 Then our dear friend, Mr. Smith, whom all the girls go with,  
 Relieved Veva's distress when his request he did press.  
 We'd tell the rest, but Pete declares it wasn't nine—  
 So this is all for this time.

Teacher: "Miss Brown, define abnormal."

Miss Brown: "A tardy Normal student."

When you feel all broken up, save the pieces.—Caerulea.



Mr. Ackerman (presenting the question mark in Prof. Grammar class): "Miss Knapp, ask me a question about this pencil?"

Miss K.: "Where is the pencil?"

Mr. A.: "What's at the end?"

Miss K.: "The rubber."

At The Dalles Institute, Mr. Gentle covered up blunders Miss Parrott had made and prepared for Mr. Ackerman's.

Mr. Peterson defines perfection—"To be perfect is to be a sissy."

Ben Franklin: "He that would thrive must ask his wife."

Mr. Richardson: "What will he do if he hasn't a wife?"

Miss Fridd: "Get one, of course."

Lyda Bell (pulling a short black hair off her sleeve): "Someone has been wearing my sweater."

Isn't it strange that a "nappy" student should have so much push?

Richardson: "Give me No. —. Hello. This Miss J—? Can you tell me the other girl's name—the one I took to the show the other evening?"

"Boys, when you can't get the girl you want, just remember there are plenty of others—that you can't get either."—Reuben.

Mr. Evenden (reading about the Spartans): "'The Spartans starved their youths to make them tall.'" (Aside) Well, I must have been properly starved." (Reading on) "'This also made them handsome.'"

Miss McDaniel: "Well, I'm glad I'm not a little bit of a kid."

Miss Whitman: "Well, I suppose a little girl sees further looking up than a big girl can looking down."

Prof. Beaumont: "What are seeds for?"

Class (unanimously, acclamatively and explosively): "To count!"



Miss H. (in chemistry): "I can't get those problems as I am not familiar with grams."

Mr. B.: "I will give you something you are familiar with: If a hundred men—"

Miss H. (aside): "Men!! In Monmouth? I know more about grams!"

Mr. Butler: "You know war broke out in Saturday's and Sunday's papers."

Sentiments from Mr. Ackerman:

"Your constitution is strong,  
Your mental ability is great,  
Your ambitions are high—  
But, above all, don't be late!"

It is now apparent why the diamond display in a Salem shop window so interested Oren Byers.

Mr. Ackerman: "So, you see, the country has less old maids and it is harder to get married in the city—"

Miss Gensman: "I can see the city is no place for me."

Prof. Ostien (disgustedly): "Do you know anything at all about real work?"

Burton: "Not real work—I know Hazel Work though."

## Normal Diary

Sept. 16—All waiting in line for a word with Dr. Evenden.

Sept. 17—Programming with groaning and gnashing of teeth.

Sept. 20—Seniors start things with a reception.

Sept. 24—Unheard of event; Mr. Evenden late.

Sept. 27—Girls in high spirits, Mr. Bible arrives.

Sept. 28—Gloom descends. Twenty new girls.

Sept. 29—Cheerfulness again. Mr. Byers arrives.

Oct. 3, 5, 7, and 9—Tom Ostein discovers a new girl.

Oct. 4—Petition presented to the faculty.

Oct. 4—Fourteen girls chaperon Burton to the Dallas Fair.

Oct. 10—Miss Fridd advises Mr. Richardson to get a wife.

Oct. 11—Mr. Richardson tries.

Oct. 12—Mr. Gentle banquets with 25 girls.

Oct. 14—Mr. Gentle tells Professional Grammar class how to get to Heaven.



- Oct. 17—Deep gloom. (Thanksgiving stories.)  
Oct. 19—Normal dance. (Everybody primps.)  
Oct. 22—Mr. Ackerman late. Tremendous excitement.  
Oct. 23—Fates determined at the Christian church.  
Oct. 24—Soul-mates selected for Messers. Hanns and Bell.  
Oct. 25—Mr. Slevoigh chooses Venus.  
Oct. 26—Miss Hazelton doesn't understand why Cyclops couldn't see with the other eye.  
Oct. 27—Faculty reception. Everybody shakes hands.  
Oct. 29—Edmund Vance Cooke addresses student body.  
Oct. 30—Miss Beulah Hesse addresses student body.  
Oct. 31—Miss Butler blushes during chapel.  
At last date—Burton still wishing for something to happen.

## Want Ads

- WANTED—A little promptness for distribution among The Norm staff. Apply Mr. Peterson.  
WANTED—By Miss Harlan, a class of Prima Donnas.  
WANTED—By the Student Body, a collection of new songs.  
WANTED—By the Science classes, a walking dictionary.  
WANTED—By Mr. Richardson, a wife. For particulars apply Miss Pechin.  
WANTED—A place for everything. Apply Mr. Beaumont.  
WANTED—By Misses James and Lillie, a parlor.  
WANTED—By almost everyone, a carload of boys. Deliver C. O. D., also P. D. Q.  
WANTED—By Miss Parrott, a quantity of brain molecules in good working order for use by English classes.  
WANTED—By the girls, to know if Mr. Winters is really married.  
WANTED—By Pres. Ackerman, a fitting punishment for tardiness.  
WANTED—By Prof. Beaumont, less attention from Norm editors.  
WANTED—By the students, to know why Miss Butler blushed when Mr. Butler referred to meeting a certain man at the institute.  
WANTED—By The Norm editors, a supply of good SNAPPY jokes.  
FOUND—By Miss Tate, a season ticket to the motion picture show; owner need NOT apply.  
FOUND—In Psychology room, a pair of small white gloves.  
WANTED—An explanation of above from Mr. Evenden.



We, the undersigned students of the Oregon Normal School, respectfully petition the powers that be, that school be dismissed immediately after Chapel on Friday, Oct. 4, to enable those who wish to attend the FIRST ANNUAL POLK COUNTY FAIR. (Three big Days and Nights. See bills for further particulars.)

We further respectfully call your attention to the fact that the desire to attend this fair is not alone to eat peanuts, drink pink lemonade and tease the elephant, BUT, first, to mingle with the residents of the rural districts, become familiar with the problems of Rural Sociology and thus gladden the heart of President Ackerman; second, to view the products of this fair and fertile county and be able to discuss more intelligently the niceties of the Agricultural art with Prof. Beaumont; third, to observe the oddities of rural grammatical construction and stall Miss Parrott off with a discussion of it so that she may not discover that we have not prepared our Professional Grammar; fourth, to discover something in the display of artistic crudities with which we can "stump" Miss Brenton; last, but not least, to observe closely the steam calliope and to imitate same for Miss Harlan.

We think, therefore, that we would be better off, mentally, morally, spiritually, esthetically, biologically and scientifically if allowed to attend, and respectfully submit this petition to that end.

#### ENGLISH AS WRITTEN BY THE HINDUS.

The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle and sadly the driver places his foots on the stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives the animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth and his head is attached to the trunk by a long protuberance called the neck. He has two legs; two are in front and two are afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs and also defends himself by extending those in the rear by a parallel direction toward the foe. But this he does only when in a vexatious mood. His fooding is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on the back a man or woman as well as some cargo. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night time but always standing awoken. Also there are horses of short sizes. There is no animal like the horse. They have got tail but not so long as the cow and other such like animals.—Ex.



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# Oregon Normal School

## Monmouth, Ore.

Spring Semester Begins February 4, 1913

Summer Semester Begins June 23, 1913

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Independence, Ore.

Over \$50,000.00 Fire Losses Paid

V. O. BOOTS  
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All Kinds of Insurance and Loans

Monmouth, Ore.



# Conkey & Walker

## INDEPENDENCE LEADING STORES

Largest and Most Complete Stock of Staple and

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All kinds of farm produce handled,  
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trade with us we both lose money.  
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Merchandise of Merit only, we  
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Society Brand Clothes for Young Men, Gordon  
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If it's Stylish you will find it at

## THE BEE HIVE STORE

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Set #1



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in need of Invitations, Pro-  
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-:-

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## Aldon's Famous Chocolate Creams

For Sale at

P. H. JOHNSON'S

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Try a box of

WHIPPED CREAM CHOCOLATES

if you want something delicious



## OUR POLICY

1. To win on our merits.
2. To be the best school journal on the Pacific Coast.
3. To be broad and liberal as well as aggressive in our policy and methods.
4. To take a pride in The Norm and in the Normal.
5. To be loyal to the school and to each other.
6. To foster good fellowship among ourselves, and to take pleasure as well as profit out of our work.
7. To strive constantly for the improvement and advancement of the school and ourselves.
8. To be considerate, polite, and courteous in all our dealings within and without the school.
9. To grow in knowledge and character as well as in size.